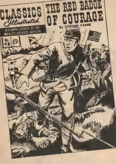

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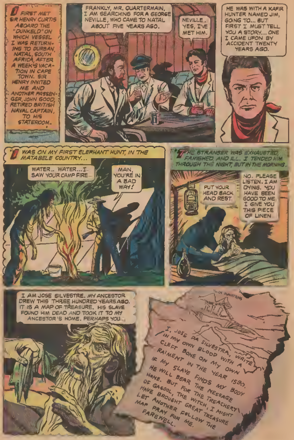
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KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By H. RIDER HAGGARD




I FIRST MET SIR HENRY CURTIS ABOARD THE "DUNKELD" ON WHICH VESSEL I WAS RETURNING TO DURBAN, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA, AFTER A WEEK'S VACATION IN CAPE TOWN. SIR HENRY INVITED ME AND ANOTHER PASSENGER, JOHN GOOD, RETIRED BRITISH NAVAL CAPTAIN, TO HIS STATEROOM.
FRANKLY, MR. QUARTERMAIN, I AM SEARCHING FOR A GEORGE NEVILLE, WHO CAME TO NATAL ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO.
NEVILLE. YES, I'VE MET HIM.
HE WAS WITH A KAFIR HUNTER NAMED JIM, GOING TO... BUT FIRST I MUST TELL YOU A STORY... ONE I CAME UPON BY ACCIDENT TWENTY YEARS AGO.
"IT WAS ON MY FIRST ELEPHANT HUNT, IN THE MATABELE COUNTRY...
WATER.. WATER... I SAW YOUR CAMP FIRE...
MAN, YOU'RE IN A BAD WAY!
"THE STRANGER WAS EXHAUSTED, FAMISHED, AND ILL. I TENDED HIM THROUGH THE NIGHT, BUT IN THE MORNING..
PUT YOUR HEAD BACK AND REST.
NO. PLEASE LISTEN. I AM DYING. YOU HAVE BEEN GOOD TO ME. I GIVE YOU THIS PIECE OF LINEN
I AM JOSE SILVESTRE. MY ANCESTOR DREW THIS THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. IT IS A MAP OF TREASURE. HIS SLAVE FOUND HIM DEAD AND TOOK IT TO MY ANCESTOR'S HOME. PERHAPS YOU...
TWIN MOUNTAINS
I, JOSE DA SILVESTRA, WRITE IN MY OWN BLOOD WITH A CLEFT BONE ON MY OWN RAIMENT IN THE YEAR 1590. IF MY SLAVE FINDS MY BODY HE WILL BEAR THE MESSAGE HOME. BUT FOR THE TREACHERY OF GAGOOL, THE WITCH, I MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT GREAT TREASURE. LET ANOTHER FOLLOW THE MAP. PRAY FOR ME. FAREWELL.


WHEN I LOOKED UP FROM THE MAP A FEW MOMENTS LATER, SILVESTRE WAS DEAD. THAT IS THE STORY OF KING SOLOMON'S MINES. THEY HAVE BECOME A LEGEND IN NATAL; IT WAS TOWARD THEM THAT GEORGE NEVILLE WAS TRAVELING WITH HIS SERVANT. I STILL HAVE THE OLD MAP SIR HENRY.
MR. QUATERMAIN, GEORGE NEVILLE IS MY BROTHER. THE NAME NEVILLE IS ONE HE ASSUMED.
I MUST FIND MY BROTHER. IF YOU WILL LEAD A SAFARI TO THE MINES, YOU MAY NAME YOUR PRICE..PAYMENT IN ADVANCE. I AM WELL OFF. MOREOVER, YOU AND GOOD WILL SHARE EQUALLY IN ANY TREASURE THAT WE MAY FIND.
NO ONE HAS EVER COME BACK FROM THERE.. ALIVE. I MUST THINK IT OVER.
I ACCEPTED SIR HENRY'S OFFER. I HAD A SON IN MEDICAL COLLEGE IN LONDON AND IT WOULD BE A MEANS OF LEAVING HIM SOMETHING, EVEN IF I DID NOT RETURN. AT DURBAN, WE WENT ABOUT GETTING A SAFARI TOGETHER. WE HIRED A DRIVER, A LEADER AND TWO SERVANTS. WE STILL NEEDED ONE MORE SERVANT. THEN ONE CAME TO US...
I AM UMBOPA. I LEARN THAT YOU GO TO THE NORTH. I WILL GO AS A SERVANT-WITHOUT PAY.
I LIKE YOUR LOOKS, MR. UMBOPA.
ALL TOLD, THERE WERE THREE WHITE MEN AND FIVE NATIVES. WE FINALLY SET OUT AT THE END OF JANUARY, 1891...


AT INYATI, THE OUTLYING TRADING STATION IN THE MATABELE COUNTRY, WE LEFT OUR SPAN OF OXEN AND OUR WAGON IN THE CARE OF OUR DRIVER AND LEADER. BESIDES UMBOPA, WHO ATTENDED SIR HENRY, WERE KHIVA, MY OWN TRUSTED SERVANT, VENTVOGEL, A MOST PERFECT SPOORER,* AND SIX BEARERS WHOM WE HIRED ON THE SPOT...
*GAME-TRACKER
ABOUT A FORTNIGHT AFTER WE LEFT INYATI, WE CAME ACROSS A PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL BIT OF WOODED COUNTRY. ONE EVENING, AFTER A LONG DAY'S MARCH...
LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR?
INCUBU! INCUBU!*
*ELEPHANT! ELEPHANT!
COME ON!
WAIT, GOOD! HUNTING ELEPHANTS IS NOT LIKE SHOOTING QUAILS OR RABBIT. IF YOU WANT, WE CAN HAVE A GO AT THEM TOMORROW.
WE WERE UP AT DAWN AND HAD NO DIFFICULTY FINDING THE BROAD ELEPHANT TRAIL. SUDDENLY...
QUIET! THERE THEY ARE! WE MUST TRAVEL WITH THE WIND!
WE MANAGED TO GET WITHIN FORTY YARDS OF THE BEASTS WITHOUT BEING DETECTED. "NOW!" I WHISPERED. OUR THREE RIFLES ROARED AS ONE...


SIR HENRY AND I KILLED OUR ELEPHANTS. BUT GOOD'S BEAST WAS MERELY WOUNDED SUDDENLY...
LOOK OUT!
IT WAS THE ELEPHANT GOOD HAD WOUNDED...
THE BEAST MADE FOR GOOD. SUDDENLY, GOOD STUMBLED...
KHIVA FLUNG HIS SPEAR AND IT STUCK IN THE ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.
BUT KHIVA LEAPED BETWEEN THE CHARGING, RAGING ELEPHANT AND GOOD...


WITH A SCREAM OF PAIN, THE GREAT BRUTE SEIZED KHIVA AND HURLED HIM TO THE GROUND..
WE RUSHED UP AND FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIN..
PRESENTLY, THE BEAST FELL ON THE ALREADY-DEAD SERVANT. KHIVA HAD BEEN WITH ME FOR EIGHT YEARS AND NOW HE LAY STILL AND BROKEN.
THE BOY DIED FOR ME, QUATERMAIN HE DIED TO SAVE MY LIFE.
YES, HE IS DEAD, BUT HE DIED LIKE A MAN.


WE REACHED SITANDA'S KRAAL THE SECOND WEEK IN MAY, AFTER A JOURNEY OF MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND MILES. HERE WE LEFT OUR BEARERS AND HEAVY ELEPHANT GUNS AND REPLENISHED OUR WATER SUPPLY. THEN WE BEGAN THE TORTUROUS TRAIL INTO THE UNKNOWN...
NOW WE TREK. AND IT IS WISE TO START AT NIGHT ACROSS THE DESERT.
LUCKY I AM A RETIRED NAVAL OFFICER, SIR HENRY. PERHAPS MY KNOWLEDGE OF NAVIGATION WILL HELP US CROSS THIS SANDY SEA.
ALL NIGHT WE TRUDGED, UNTIL THE STARS GREW PALE AND THE MOON WANED. ABOUT SIX O'CLOCK, WE FOUND A ROCK RISING OUT OF THE PLAIN AND DRAGGED OURSELVES TO THE SLIGHT SHADE IT AFFORDED...
I AM DONE IN. THIS HAS BEEN WORSE THAN THE ENTIRE JOURNEY.
BUT LYING IN THE HEAT OF THE SUN WAS WORSE THAN TRUDGING ON AND SO, THAT AFTERNOON, WE WERE ONCE MORE ON OUR WAY...
THE JOURNEY ACROSS THE DESERT WAS 120 MILES. BY THE END OF THE THIRD DAY, OUR WATER WAS GONE. THE NEXT MORNING...
LOOK! WATER! WATER!
COME, COME, ALLAN. GET HOLD OF YOURSELF!
I GUESS MY MIND WAS WANDERING. SORRY.
BAAS! BAAS!* WATER IS NOT FAR. I SMELL IT!
*MASTER! MASTER!


"YOU ARE A FOOL, VENTVOGEL," I SAID ANGRILY. "THERE IS NO WATER!" UMBOPA HAD CLIMBED A NEARBY SANDHILL. SUDDENLY, HE SHOUTED...
NANZIA MANZIE!*
* HERE IS WATER
HOW WATER CAME TO BE IN SUCH A STRANGE PLACE, WE DID NOT STOP TO WONDER, FOR WITHOUT IT, WE WOULD NOT HAVE LIVED THROUGH THE DAY...
WE JOURNEYED ON REFRESHED. NEAR THE END OF THE NEXT DAY...
LOOK! THERE ARE THE TWIN MOUNTAINS!
SO FAR, SILVESTRA'S MAP IS CORRECT!
ON THE 20TH OF MAY, WE REACHED THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE MOUNTAINS AND FOUND A SMALL AMOUNT OF GAME. .HEN FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS, WE CLIMBED UPWARD...
WE ALMOST DIED OF THIRST. NOW WE WILL PROBABLY DIE FROM THE COLD.
OR OF HUNGER, FOR OUR FOOD IS GONE!
FOR SOME TEN MINUTES, WE TRUDGED ON IN SILENCE. SUDDENLY, UMBOPA TOOK MY ARM. "LOOK!" HE EXCLAIMED. I SAW WHAT I BELIEVED TO BE A HOLE IN THE SNOW. THEN, AS I APPROACHED...
IT'S A CAVE!
JUST AS WE REACHED THE SHELTER, THE SUN WENT DOWN, LEAVING THE PLACE DARK. THERE WAS NEITHER FOOD NOR KINDLING FOR A FIRE, SO WE SAT THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT HUDDLING TOGETHER FOR WARMTH. VENTVOGEL, WHO HAD NOT MINDED THE DESERT HEAT, NOW SUFFERED INTENSELY FROM THE COLD...


AT LENGTH, AFTER A TERRIBLE NIGHT, DAWN CAME. BUT VENTVOGEL DID NOT STIR...
COME, MAN, WAKE UP! SAY, HE'S STIFF!
FROZEN STIFF! STONE DEAD!!
WE WERE SHOCKED BEYOND MEASURE, BUT THE SHOCK OF VENTVOGEL'S DEATH WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MANY SHOCKING THINGS TO COME. SUDDENLY...
GOOD GRIEF! LOOK!
A DEAD MAN! A WHITE MAN! COULD IT BE.. MY BROTHER? NO.. IT'S...
IT'S AN OLD MAN-- YES-- THE BODY OF OLD JOSE DA SILVESTRA, PRESERVED BY FREEZING FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS!
WE'LL GIVE THE OLD DON A COMPANION--FOR VENTVOGEL WILL BE AS SAFE HERE AS IF WE HAD BURIED HIM.
LEAVING POOR VENTVOGEL BESIDE THE OLD DON, WE CROSSED THE MOUNTAIN AND MADE OUR WAY DOWN THE OTHER SIDE. THERE BEFORE US WAS A VALLEY...
THE VALLEY IS AS GREEN AS THE DESERT WAS BARREN.
MORE IMPORTANT, IT'S THE FIRST GAME WE'VE SEEN IN A LONG WHILE!
IN THE VALLEY, WE FOUND A WAY WHICH, BY THE MAP, WE RECOGNIZED AS SOLOMON'S ROAD. COMPARED TO OUR PAST EXPERIENCES, WE WERE IN PARADISE. NEAR THE ROAD, WE RESTED AND FEASTED. SUDDENLY A KNIFE FLASHED BY GOOD'S FACE
GREAT CAESAR!


STARTLED, WE RAN TOWARD GOOD. INTO OUR CAMP STRODE WAR-LIKE SAVAGES. I SPOKE IN ZULU TO ONE OF THEM AND, SURPRISINGLY, HE ... UNDERSTOOD ME
WE ARE STRANGERS, COME IN PEACE.
NO MATTER. ALL STRANGERS MUST DIE IN THE LAND OF THE KUKUANAS. IT IS THE KING'S LAW.
I WAS SHOCKED, BUT SUDDENLY, THE NATIVE WHO HAD ANSWERED ME GAVE ME A CUE IN HIS NEXT WORDS...
HOW IS IT, O STRANGERS, ONE OF YOU HAS A SHINING, TRANSPARENT EYE ?
HOW IS WHAT?... UH, WHY, WE ARE GODS, WHO COME FROM THE STARS! IF YOU WANT AN-OTHER SIGN, WATCH CAREFULLY!
WHILE I WAS SPEAKING WITH THE NATIVE, I HAD SEEN A KLIPSPRINGER ANTELOPE ABOUT SEVENTY YARDS AWAY AND DETERMINED TO RISK A SHOT AT IT...
DOES THAT NOT PUT FEAR IN YOUR HEARTS? COULD YOU KILL AN ANTE-LOPE AT SUCH A DISTANCE WITH ONLY A NOISE?
INDEED YE ARE GODS! DO NOT PUT THE CURSE ON US, O WHITE MEN, BUT COME WITH US TO KING TWALA! I AM INFADOOS, YOUNGER BROTHER OF KING TWALA, SON OF KAFA, ONCE KING OF THE KUKUANA PEOPLE. THIS YOUTH IS SCRAGEA.


ALL THAT AFTERNOON, WE TRAVELED ALONG THE ROADWAY THROUGH AN UNUSUAL SCENE. SINCE UMBOPA AND I WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO SPOKE ZULU FLUENTLY ENOUGH TO MAKE OURSELVES UNDERSTOOD, I ASKED QUESTIONS...
INFADOOS, WHO MADE THIS ROAD? AND THESE STATUES?
NONE KNOW HOW OR WHEN, NOT EVEN THE WISE WOMAN, GAGOOL, WHO HAS LIVED FOR GENERATIONS.
LITTLE BY LITTLE, AS I QUESTIONED INFADOOS ABOUT HIS PEOPLE, HIMSELF, KING TWALA, HE WARMED TO THE SUBJECT...
"TWALA WAS THE WEAKER AND LAST BORN OF THE TWIN SONS OF KING KAFA. IT IS NOT OUR CUSTOM TO LET TWINS LIVE, THE WEAKEST MUST ALWAYS DIE...
TWALA, THE WEAK TWIN, MUST DIE!
AS MY HUSBAND ORDERS.
"BUT THE MOTHER'S HEART YEARNED OVER THE WEAKER CHILD AND SHE GAVE HIM INTO THE KEEPING OF GAGOOL, THE WISE AND TERRIBLE WITCH...
"IMOTU, THE STRONG TWIN, GREW TO MANHOOD AND BECAME KING AT KAFA'S DEATH. ONE DAY, WHEN IMOTU WAS ILL, GAGOOL LED TWALA FORTH AND PROCLAIMED TO THE PEOPLE...
THE KING IMOTU IS NO KING! BEHOLD YOUR KING WHOM I HAVE SAVED FOR YOU TO THIS DAY!
"TWALA RAN TO IMOTU AND STABBED HIM...AND THE PEOPLE PROCLAIMED HIM KING. THE WIFE OF IMOTU, WITH THEIR SON, IGNOSI, ESCAPED IN THE NIGHT. DOUBTLESS, THEY LONG AGO HAVE DIED IN THE DESERT. YET, IF BY SOME MIRACLE IGNOSI LIVES, HE IS THE RIGHTFUL KING. FOR I KNOW THAT, IN TRUTH, IMOTU WAS THE ELDER TWIN AND LAWFUL KING.
ALL THE WHILE, UMBOPA HAD LISTENED INTENTLY WITHOUT SPEAKING. I DID NOT THINK IT IMPORTANT AT THE TIME, FOR SUDDENLY I NOTICED...
SCRAGGA-- THE YOUNG MAN-- IS GONE!!
YES, TO TELL TWALA ABOUT YOU! OTHERWISE I WOULD NOT HAVE DARED TO SPEAK --FOR HE IS TWALA'S SON!


IT WAS A JOURNEY OF THREE DAYS TO LOO, WHERE KING TWALA DWELLED. OUR APPROACH HAD BEEN ANNOUNCED AND THE KING WAS WAITING FOR US...
WHENCE COME YE, WHITE MEN? AND WHAT SEEK YE?
WE ARE GODS FROM THE STARS, AND WE COME IN SEARCH OF A BROTHER GOD WHO CALLS HIMSELF NEVILLE.
THE THUD OF A WARRIOR'S FALLEN SHIELD MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED THE KING...
THOU AWKWARD DOG! PREPARE TO DIE! SCRAGGA, LET ME SEE HOW THOU CANST USE THY SPEAR!
NOW DO YE THE SAME FOR THESE STRANGERS.
WAIT! I TOLD YE WE WERE GODS! IF YE TOUCH ONE OF US, OUR HOLLOW STAFFS SHALL KILL YE! SCRAGGA WILL VOUCH FOR WHAT I SAY!
I HAVE SEEN THE STAFFS KILL, FATHER!
GO IN PEACE FOR NOW. TONIGHT IS THE GREAT DANCE. YE SHALL SEE IT. TOMORROW I SHALL THINK ABOUT THY FATE.



INVITED INFADOOS TO OUR HUT. I WANTED TO KNOW HIS REAL FEELINGS TOWARD TWALA. "HE IS A CRUEL KING," I BEGAN. INFADOOS NODDED. "BUT SCRAGGA WOULD BE EVEN WORSE," HE REPLIED. THEN AN ASTOUNDING THING HAPPENED...
WILT THOU BELIEVE, INFADOOS, THAT I AM IGNOSI? DOST THOU SEE THE SIGN HERE?
IT IS THE SIGN OF A KING! THE TATOOED SNAKE UPON THY MIDDLE!
IGNOSI, RIGHTFUL KING OF THE KUKUANAS, I PUT MY HAND IN THY HANDS AND AM THY MAN UNTIL DEATH!
IF I CONQUER, THOU SHALT BE THE GREATEST MAN IN THE KINGDOM AFTER THE KING.
OUR CONFERENCE WAS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY THE CRY OF MESSENGERS FROM THE KING. WE ADMITTED THEM...
GIFTS OF MY LORD, THE KING, TO THE WHITE MEN FROM THE STARS!
CHAIN ARMOR! WE THANK THE KING!
THEY COME DOWN TO US FROM OUR FOREFATHERS...
WHEN THE MESSENGER HAD GONE...
ONLY THOSE OF ROYAL BLOOD MAY WEAR THEM. TWALA IS WELL PLEASED WITH THEE, OR MUCH AFRAID, OR HE WOULD NOT HAVE SENT THEM WEAR THEM TONIGHT, MY LORDS. THEY MAY SAVE THY LIVES.
A WITCH-HUNT TOOK PLACE THAT NIGHT. SCARCELY HAD WE ARRIVED ERE IT WAS BEGUN BY THE EVIL GAGOOL.
WHAT IS THE LOT OF MAN BORN OF WOMAN? DEATH!!
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!


FOR HOURS, SICKENED BY THE GHASTLY SIGHT, WE STOOD IN THE MIDST OF SLAUGHTER WHILE THE OLD CRONE, GAGOOL, AND HER EVIL HELPERS PICKED OUT WARRIOR AFTER WARRIOR FOR THE GUARDS TO MURDER...
KILL! KILL! KILL!


BY MIDNIGHT, THE DEAD NUMBERED CLOSE TO A HUNDRED VICTIMS. THEN GAGOOL STAGGERED INTO A DANCE. I WATCHED IN HORROR, FOR I SOON REALIZED...
CONFOUND IT, SIR HENRY, I BELIEVE THAT VILE CREATURE IS HEADING TOWARD US!
WHO WILL IT BE? PERHAPS ALL OF US!
WE WERE NOT LONG IN DOUBT...
KILL HIM! HE IS FULL OF EVIL! I SMELL HIM OUT!
STAND BACK, YE DOGS! TOUCH ONE HAIR OF OUR FRIEND AND YOUR KING DIES!
PUT UP YOUR MAGIC TUBES, YE ARE MY GUESTS. FOR THAT REASON, I SPARE YE. TOMORROW RETURN FOR ANOTHER KIND OF DANCE. ONE OF JOY! GO IN PEACE!


WE WERE WEARY UNTO DEATH AFTER OUR AWFUL NIGHT. BUT WE HAD JUST RETURNED TO OUR HUT WHEN INFADOOS CAME WITH A HALF DOZEN CHIEFS OF THE WARRIOR REGIMENTS...
IS IT NOT AS I TOLD YE? THIS IS IGNOSI--THIS IS OUR RIGHTFUL KING!
BUT WHAT IF HE BE AN IMPOSTER? LET THE WHITE MEN FROM THE STARS GIVE US A SIGN THEN WE WILL BELIEVE.
WE WERE TAKEN ABACK. SUDDENLY, GOOD WENT TO HIS THINGS AND CHECKED HIS ALMANAC. THEN HE SPOKE IN ENGLISH...
I THOUGHT SO! MY NAUTICAL ALMANAC SAYS THAT TOMORROW, AT NOON, THE MOON WILL ECLIPSE THE SUN!
ALMANAC
I CAUGHT THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD'S DISCOVERY AT ONCE AND TURNED TO THE CHIEFS...
WILL YE BE SATISFIED IF TOMORROW, AT MID DAY WE PUT OUT THE SUN?
YEA, MY LORDS IF YE DO THIS THING WE WILL BELIEVE.
WE RETURNED THE FOLLOWING DAY TO TWALA'S KRAAL. ALL WERE IN A FESTIVE MOOD WITH DANCING AND SINGING. MANY GIRLS DANCED, THEN...
WHAT THINK YE, WHITE MAN? WHICH IS THE FAIREST?
WHY, THAT GIRL, I BELIEVE.


THE NEXT SECOND, I REGRETTED WHAT I HAD SAID...
I THINK SO, TOO. A SORRY THING FOR HER, FOR SHE MUST DIE.
WHAT?
IT IS OUR CUSTOM EACH YEAR TO SACRIFICE THE FAIREST MAIDEN TO THE SILENT ONES.
TWALA--IF YE TOUCH YON MAIDEN, WE WILL BRING A CURSE UPON YE! WE WILL PUT OUT THE SUN!
THE GIRL, SEEING OUR PROTESTATIONS, WRENCHED HERSELF FREE FROM THE GUARDS...
WHITE FATHERS FROM THE STARS, THROW OVER ME THE MANTLE OF THY PROTECTION!
I HAVE WARNED YE! NOW SEE IF I LIE!
THE ECLIPSE ARRIVED EXACTLY ON SCHEDULE, BUT...
IT WILL PASS! IT WILL PASS! I HAVE SEEN IT BEFORE!


ALL THE OTHERS WERE TERRIFIED, HOWEVER. SCRAGGA SPRANG FORWARD, SHRIEKING...
THE WHITE GODS CURSE US! WE SHALL ALL DIE IN THE DARK! BUT I SHALL KILL THEM!
THAT CHAIN ARMOR INDEED HAS SAVED MY LIFE. NOW, YOU EVIL SAVAGE!
AH-H-H!
DRIVEN MAD BY FEAR OF THE DARKNESS IN MID-DAY, THE MOB SURGED IN PANIC TOWARD THE GATES...
LET US ALL BE SURE TO KEEP TOGETHER!
HEAD FOR YONDER HILLS! I WILL SHOW YE THE WAY!


LUCKILY FOR US, INFADOOS KNEW ALL THE PATHWAYS. AS THE ECLIPSE BEGAN TO PASS, WE REACHED A WIDE PLATEAU. THEN ..
INFADOOS! WHO ARE THESE WARRIORS?
THEY ARE THE REGIMENTS OF THE CHIEFS WHO HAVE SWORN TO STAND WITH IGNOSI, OUR REAL KING.
IT WAS AN IMPRESSIVE AND HEART-WARMING SIGHT TO SEE TWENTY THOUSAND WARRIORS HAIL UMBOPA AS THEIR KING...
I AM THE KING. IF YE STAND BY ME IN BATTLE, I WILL GIVE THEE VICTORY AND HONOR!
KOOM! KOOM!
THE ROYAL KUKUANA SALUTE
HALF AN HOUR LATER, WE HELD A COUNCIL OF WAR AT WHICH ALL REGIMENT COMMANDERS WERE PRESENT..
IT WILL NOT BE LONG BEFORE WE ARE ATTACKED IN OVERWHELMING FORCE. YET I THINK NO ATTACK WILL COME TONIGHT. WHAT SAY YE?
TWALA WILL TAKE THE NIGHT TO BUILD MORALE THAT THE WHITE MAN'S MAGIC HAS SHATTERED.


WITHIN THE TWO HOURS BEFORE SUNDOWN, WONDERS WERE DONE IN FORTIFYING OUR PLATEAU.
THEN, JUST BEFORE SUNDOWN, A MESSENGER APPEARED FROM TWALA...
GREETINGS FROM KING TWALA. SURRENDER TO HIS MERCY, ERE A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH OVERTAKES THEE
GO BACK, DOG, AND SAY THAT I, IGNOSI, AM KING OF THE KUKUANAS! BE GONE!
WE WERE AWAKENED JUST ABOUT DAWN BY INFADOOS. WE ROSE TO WATCH AND WAIT AS THREE ENORMOUS COLUMNS, LIKE GIANT DRAGONS, WOUND THEIR WAY UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE...


SOON, THE ENEMY WAS WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE...
WE HAVE LITTLE ENOUGH AMMUNITION, BUT WHAT WE HAVE CAN BEST BE USED NOW!
TWALA! CHIELE! CHIELE!*
*TWALA! SMITE! SMITE!
THE DOWNPOUR OF ROCKS AND BULLETS COMPLETELY BROKE UP THE FIRST ATTACK AND SENT THE ENEMY REELING BACK...
COME! WE WILL STOP THEM AT THE PASS!

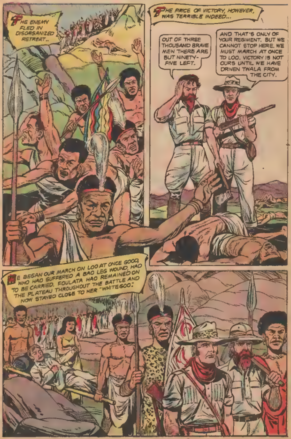

SUDDENLY...
LOOK! THE OTHER COLUMN OF THE ENEMY. THEY HAVE COME OVER THE EDGE FROM THE REAR



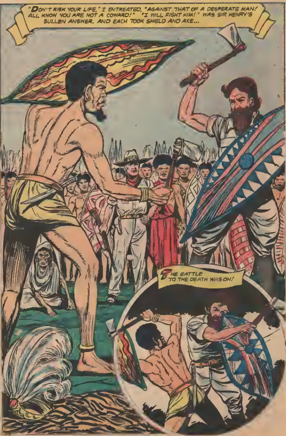

AT LAST, THE ENEMY WAS DRIVEN FROM OUR PLATEAU. WE HAD LOST APPROXIMATELY TWO THOUSAND MEN AND ESTIMATED OUR FOES' LOSSES AT ABOUT THREE THOUSAND. BUT WE HAD NO TIME TO MOURN OUR DEAD...
WE MUST PLAN A NEW STRATEGY. OUR FOOD AND WATER SUPPLIES ARE VERY LOW AND WE COULD EASILY BE STARVED OUT!
WE MUST ATTACK. WE WILL DIVIDE INTO THREE GROUPS. WHILE ONE GROUP ENGAGES TWALA'S FORCES, THE OTHER TWO WILL ATTACK FROM EITHER SIDE.
WE REGROUPED OUR LINES AND DIVIDED INTO THREE COLUMNS AND MOVED CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN...
AS SIR HENRY'S FORCE VALIANTLY HELD AGAINST THE FRONTAL ATTACK, THE FLANKING COLUMNS RUSHED TO ATTACK THE ENEMY'S SIDES...






THE ENEMY FLED IN DISORGANIZED RETREAT...
THE PRICE OF VICTORY, HOWEVER, WAS TERRIBLE INDEED...
OUT OF THREE THOUSAND BRAVE MEN THERE ARE BUT NINETY-FIVE LEFT.
AND THAT'S ONLY OF YOUR REGIMENT. BUT WE CANNOT STOP HERE. WE MUST MARCH AT ONCE TO LOO. VICTORY IS NOT OURS UNTIL WE HAVE DRIVEN TWALA FROM THE CITY.
WE BEGAN OUR MARCH ON LOO AT ONCE. GOOD, WHO HAD SUFFERED A BAD LEG WOUND, HAD TO BE CARRIED. FOULATA HAD REMAINED ON THE PLATEAU THROUGHOUT THE BATTLE AND NOW STAYED CLOSE TO HER "WHITE GOD."


WHEN WE REACHED LOO...
OPEN THE GATES IN THE NAME OF IGNOSI, NOW KING OF THE KUKUANAS. MERCY TO ALL WHO LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS! TO OTHERS...DEATH!
THE WARNING HAD ITS EFFECT, FOR THE GATES WERE QUICKLY FLUNG OPEN AND WE ENTERED...
HAIL, O KING! WHAT FATE HAST THOU FOR ME? THOU WHO HAST EATEN OF MY BREAD! THOU WHOM I HAVE BADE WELCOME!
THE SAME FATE THOU GAVEST MY FATHER AND ON WHOSE THRONE THOU HAST SAT THESE MANY YEARS!
IT IS WELL. BUT I CRAVE THE BOON OF THE KUKUANA ROYAL HOUSE TO DIE FIGHTING. I WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH HIM WHO SEEKS A BROTHER GOD-- HIM WITH THE YELLOW HAIR! *
GOOD GRIEF! HE MEANS YOU, SIR HENRY!
EXCELLENT! I AM WELL PLEASED!
*KUKUANA LAW ALLOWS A KING TO FIGHT UNTIL AN ANTAGONIST KILLS HIM.


"DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE," I ENTREATED, "AGAINST THAT OF A DESPERATE MAN! ALL KNOW YOU ARE NOT A COWARD!" "I WILL FIGHT HIM!" WAS SIR HENRY'S SULLEN ANSWER. AND EACH TOOK SHIELD AND AXE...
THE BATTLE TO THE DEATH WAS ON!


AS SIR HENRY CHARGED IN, TWALA WAS HANDED A SPEAR BY ONE OF HIS LOYAL FOLLOWERS...
YOU REGRET THAT GIFT OF CHAIN ARMOR, DON'T YOU?


SIR HENRY THEN WARDED OFF A KNIFE THRUST AND THE NEXT MOMENT...
... DEALT TWALA A FATAL BLOW...
THEN UMBOPA CAME FORTH AND STOOD OVER THE FALLEN TWALA...
BEHOLD! FAR HAVE I WANDERED YET HAVE I RETURNED TO WIPE OUT EVIL AND TYRANNY AND AM THY KING! REJOICE, MY PEOPLE I BRING YE PEACE AND RELEASE FROM FEAR!


AFTER THE FIGHT WAS ENDED, SIR HENRY AND GOOD WERE TAKEN TO TWALA'S HUT. WE WERE UTTERLY EXHAUSTED, BUT THE WOUNDS HAD TO BE DRESSED...
THESE BANDAGES WILL HELP KEEP THE WOUNDS CLEAN.
I HAVE COME TO HELP MY WHITE GODS WHO HAVE FOUGHT SO BRAVELY.
A WOMAN'S HELP IS TRULY NEEDED NOW FOULATA.
I WILL MAKE A POULTICE AND BIND THE WOUNDS. THEN I SHALL PREPARE FOOD FOR THEE.
WHEN FOULATA HAD BATHED OUR CUTS AND BOUND OUR WOUNDS AND FED US, SHE WENT TO GOOD...
THOU MUST SLEEP, MY PROTECTOR, AND MAKE THE WOUNDS HEAL QUICKLY.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, FOULATA. IF I SLEEP I CAN'T LOOK AT YOU!


GOOD DOZED OFF AFTER AN HOUR OR SO...
WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME REST, FOULATA?
NO. HIS HEAD BURNS WITH FEVER. I WILL NOT LEAVE.
NEXT MORNING, UMBOPA, OR RATHER, IGNOSI CALLED...
HAIL, O KING! HAST THOU SETTLED WHAT THOU SHALT DO IN THY REIGN?
FIRST, I SHALL DESTROY GAGOOL AND HER EVIL WITCH DOCTORS, FOR SHE HAS CAUSED GREAT TROUBLE FOR OUR PEOPLE.
YET SHE KNOWS MUCH AND IT IS EASIER TO DESTROY KNOWLEDGE THAN TO GATHER IT
IT IS SO. SHE ALONE KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE TREASURE. SHE SHALL BE SAVED TO TAKE THEE THERE.
BUT THOUGHTS OF TREASURE WERE INTERRUPTED BY GOOD...
THAT'S THE WAY, SIR HENRY! CUT THE VILLAIN'S HEAD OFF!
HE'S DELIRIOUS!
FOR FIVE DAYS AND FOUR NIGHTS, FOULATA REMAINED AT GOOD'S SIDE. THEN, ON THE EVENING OF THE FIFTH DAY...
HE'S STOPPED RAVING! HE... HE'S DEAD!
HUSH! HE IS SLEEPING. HE WILL RECOVER.


GOOD SLEPT FOR EIGHTEEN HOURS DURING THAT TIME, FOULATA REFUSED TO EAT OR SLEEP OR REMOVE HER HAND FROM GOOD'S HEAD LEST HE AWAKEN. WHEN AT LAST GOOD STIRRED...
FOULATA HAS FAINTED FROM SHEER EXHAUSTION. I'LL TAKE HER TO HER OWN HUT.
WE CAN CREDIT HER WITH SAVING GOOD'S LIFE.
GOOD'S RECOVERY WAS RAPID AND WE WERE ANXIOUS TO GET TO THE MINES. IGNOSI SUMMONED GAGOOL....
HA-HA-HA! ONLY I KNOW WHERE THE MINES ARE! AND I WILL NOT TELL! HA-HA! WHAT SAY YE NOW?
THAT THOU SHALT DIE. SLOWLY!
THE WITCH'S VOICE ROSE IN A FURIOUS SHRIEK. "YE DARE NOT! WHO KILLS ME SHALL BE CURSED FOREVER!"
NEVERTHELESS, IT SHALL BE! DO YE LEAD THE WAY?
YE LEAVE NO CHOICE. YEA, I WILL LEAD THEM.
IT WAS ALMOST DARK, ON THE THIRD DAY OF TRAVEL, WHEN WE CAME TO "THE THREE WITCHES," HUGE MOUNTAIN TRIPLETS AT THE END OF SOLOMON'S GREAT ROAD. THERE WAS WEIRD TERROR IN THE ATMOSPHERE WE ALL FELT IT...
WHY STOP YE NOW, INFADOOS? ARE YE FEARFUL OF THE PLACE OF DEATH?
IT IS NOT FOR ME TO ENTER, BUT BEWARE, WITCH, HOW THOU DEALEST WITH MY LORDS! OR THOU SHALT DIE!


WE LEFT INFADOOS AND FOLLOWED GAGOOL. IT WAS LIKE WALKING TO OUR TOMB. WE PASSED A GREAT PIT THAT ONCE MAY HAVE BEEN A DIAMOND MINE AND CAME TO...
THESE ARE WHAT THE KUKUANAS HOLD IN SUCH AWE!
THE SILENT ONES!
GAGOOL PLUNGED FORWARD INTO A BLACK CAVERN IN ONE OF THE THREE WITCHES". WE FOLLOWED...
COME! COME! TO THE PLACE OF...DEATH! ONCE A WOMAN SHOWED THE PLACE TO A WHITE MAN! EVIL BEFELL HIM! THAT WOMAN'S NAME WAS GAGOOL TOO!
GOOD HEAVENS! CAN THIS CRONE BE TALKING ABOUT JOSE DA SILVESTRA?
HA-HA-HA! IS THIS THE PLACE OF DEATH? OH, NO! BUT ARE YE READY, YE WHO SEARCH? FOLLOW--FOLLOW! HA-HA-HA! COME, COME! THEIR EYE-SOCKETS WILL BE VACANT NOW! COME, COME!
IS... IS THIS...


WITH THAT INTRODUCTION, GAGOOL WRITHED ON IN HER HALF-WALK, HALF-CRAWL, BIDDING US IN HER SHRIEKING, EVIL CROAKING TO FOLLOW HER...
GOOD GRIEF!


AFTER THE FIRST SHOCK, I REALIZED WHAT THE FIGURES WERE: THE BODIES OF PAST KINGS, PETRIFIED OVER THE PAST YEARS. GAGOOL WENT FROM FIGURE TO FIGURE, NAMING EACH ONE, COMING AT LAST TO...
AND LAST, THE FRIEND OF MY LORDS... SO TREACHEROUSLY SLAIN! TWALA!
WHILE WE WERE EXAMINING THE GRISLY WONDERS OF THE PLACE GAGOOL WADDLED OVER TO THE FIGURE OF DEATH. I CALLED TO HER...
HURRY, WITCH LEAD US TO THE PLACE!
AS I SPOKE GAGOOL GRINNED. I HELD MY TORCH HIGHER, TO PERCEIVE A HUGE STONE SLAB SLIDING SLOWLY UPWARD--SOME SORT OF BALANCES DOUBTLESSLY CONTROLLED BY A SECRET LEVER
ENTER WHITE MEN FROM THE STARS! ONCE YE ENTER YE SHALL DIE BUT ENTER AS JOSE DA SILVESTRA DID HE GREW FRIGHTENED AND FLED--BUT HE DIED, NONETHELESS! HE DIED! PERHAPS HE WAS FROM THE STARS TOO HA-HA-HA!
DO YOU HEAR, SIR HENRY? SHE SPOKE OF JOSE DA SILVESTRA!
YES--I HEARD!


INSIDE THE CHAMBER..
PLEASE... NO FARTHER I MUST REST.
SHE IS PRETTY UPSET, GOOD. AFTER ALL, THESE IMAGES AND THESE KINGS-- SHE WAS TAUGHT TO RESPECT THEM!
TELL HER NOT TO LEAVE, QUATERMAIN. TELL HER TO WAIT HERE.

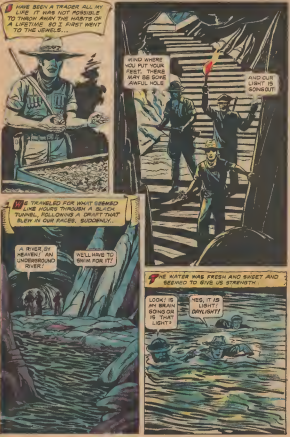

WE WENT DEEPER INTO THE CHAMBER AND THERE WE SAW A SIGHT TO SEND THE BLOOD POUNDING TO OUR TEMPLES...


SO EXCITED WERE WE ABOUT OUR DISCOVERY THAT WE DID NOT SEE THE PHANTOM MOVEMENTS BEYOND THE SHADOW OF OUR TORCHES.
NO! YOU SHALL NOT LEAVE!
FOOL! SEE IF YOU CAN STOP ME!
HELP! HELP! THE ROCK FALLS! HELP! HELP! SHE HAS STABBED ME!
GET THAT EVIL WITCH! GET HER!
NO NEED, QUATERMAIN! SHE HAS BEEN TRAPPED BY HER OWN WICKEDNESS!
SHE STARTED THE DOOR DOWN TO SHUT US IN HERE, BUT FOULATA PREVENTED HER ESCAPE!


FOULATA SPOKE AND I INTERPRETED HER WORDS TO GOOD...
SHE WANTS YOU TO HOLD HER CLOSER.
OH, LORD!
SHE'S DEAD! SHE'S DEAD!
WE LAID FOULATA'S BODY REVERENTLY IN A DARK CORNER OF THE CHAMBER...
NOT UNTIL THAT ORDEAL WAS OVER DID WE FULLY RECOGNIZE OUR OWN PREDICAMENT. THEN WE WENT OVER EVERY INCH OF THE STONE SLAB...
NO USE-- I CAN FIND NOTHING.
IT'S CLEAR THE DOOR ONLY CLOSES FROM THE INSIDE. THAT'S WHY GAGOOL WAS SO FRANTIC TO GET UNDER THE SLAB.


WE WERE BURIED ALIVE AS WE SAT THROUGH THE LONG SEEMINGLY ENDLESS HOURS, WATCHING THE OIL BURNING OUT OF OUR TORCHES WAITING FOR DEATH... SUDDENLY, GOOD EXCLAIMED
SAY! WHY AREN'T THE LAMPS GOING OUT FOR THE LACK OF AIR? WHY ARE WE NOT SUFFOCATED BY NOW?
YOU'RE RIGHT, GOOD! AIR MUST BE COMING IN HERE!


FOR AN HOUR, WE TESTED THE WALLS AND FLOORS, INCH BY INCH. OUR ONE LIGHT WAS FADING, WHEN...
COME HERE! THE FLAME IS FLICKERING BRIGHTLY AND THERE'S A RING ATTACHED TO THE FLOOR!
IT'S A TRAP DOOR!
AND THERE ARE STONE STEPS LEADING DOWNWARD!


I HAVE BEEN A TRADER ALL MY LIFE. IT WAS NOT POSSIBLE TO THROW AWAY THE HABITS OF A LIFETIME. SO I FIRST WENT TO THE JEWELS...
MIND WHERE YOU PUT YOUR FEET. THERE MAY BE SOME AWFUL HOLE
AND OUR LIGHT IS GOING OUT
WE TRAVELED FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS THROUGH A BLACK TUNNEL, FOLLOWING A DRAFT THAT BLEW IN OUR FACES. SUDDENLY..
A RIVER, BY HEAVEN! AN UNDERGROUND RIVER!
WE'LL HAVE TO SWIM FOR IT!
THE WATER WAS FRESH AND SWEET AND SEEMED TO GIVE US STRENGTH.
LOOK! IS MY BRAIN GOING OR IS THAT LIGHT?
YES, IT IS LIGHT! DAYLIGHT!


BEFORE WE REACHED THE LIGHT, HOWEVER, THE RIVER SWERVED AND WE CLIMBED TO LAND AGAIN. THE HOLE WAS SMALL BUT WE MANAGED TO GET THROUGH IT. WE FOUND OURSELVES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OLD DIAMOND MINE...
IT WAS ROUGH WORK CLIMBING OUT OF THAT PIT. IT TOOK US AN HOUR, AS WE LIMPED BACK ALONG SOLOMON'S GREAT ROAD...
LOOK! A FIRE! YES--IT'S INFADOOS!
MY LORDS! MY LORDS!
WE HAD GIVEN YOU UP! BUT YOU HAVE RETURNED FROM THE DEAD!
WE RETURNED TO THE MINES BUT WERE NEVER ABLE TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF OPENING THE CHAMBER DOOR. TEN DAYS LATER...
THEN IF YE WILL NOT STAY WITH ME, GO NOW ERE MY EYES RAIN TEARS LIKE A WOMAN'S. FARE YE WELL, MY FRIENDS.
NEXT DAY, AT DAWN, WE LEFT LOO, ESCORTED BY INFADOOS AND A REGIMENT OF HIS BRAVE WARRIORS. HE GAVE US NEW DIRECTIONS...
IF YE TAKE THAT TRAIL, YE WILL FIND THAT AN OASIS BREAKS YOUR TRIP ACROSS THE DESERT. FAREWELL, FRIENDS, FAREWELL!
GOOD-BYE INFADOOS! EVERYONE!


AND NOW CAME, PERHAPS, THE STRANGEST THING THAT HAD HAPPENED ON ALL THAT STRANGE JOURNEY. ON THE THIRD DAY, WE REACHED THE OASIS...
IF WE HAD BUT KNOWN OF THIS ON OUR TRIP OUT!
AS WE ENTERED THE OASIS...
LOOK, YOU FELLOWS! IS THAT A WHITE MAN? OR AM I MAD?
BY JOVE!
GREAT POWERS! IT'S MY BROTHER!
HENRY! HENRY!
I STARTED OUT-- BUT INJURED MY LEG HERE. JIM AND I HAVE BEEN HERE TWO YEARS.
THANK THE LORD I'VE FOUND YOU! WE HAD GIVEN YOU UP FOR LOST!



NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS *Illustrated* EDITION, DON'T MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY.

SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD



THE MID-VICTORIAN era in England was a period of colonization and industrial progress. During this time, the romantic-adventure type of novel had its greatest popularity.

From this school of writing came countless numbers of novels which were written principally to provide the reader with entertainment. While most of these novels have since passed into oblivion, the works of Sir Henry Rider Haggard are still widely read and enjoyed today. His vivid imagination and ability to make the reader almost believe the incredible have made Haggard's novels live through the years.

H. Rider Haggard was born June 22, 1856, at Bradenham Hall, Norfolk, England. He received a good education and while at school, developed an interest in literature and writing. Before he had any stories published, however, he underwent some experiences that were to leave their stamp on much of the fiction that was to flow from his pen.

In 1875, when Haggard was only seventeen, he went to Natal, South Africa, as secretary to the governor. Soon afterward, he became Master and Registrar of the High Court in Transvaal. Five years later, he returned to England. With him were the memories and impressions of dark and mysterious Africa.

Haggard studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1884. However, the very year he became a lawyer, he scored great popular success with a novel entitled "Dawn." In 1885, he wrote "The Witch's Head" and in 1886, "King Solomon's Mines," the plot of which was suggested by the ruins of Zimbabwe. With such a flow of fiction, he could not devote much time to legal work. As a result, his law practice slowly dwindled.

Haggard, whose mental energies were concentrated on writing, soon became restless. He found that writing alone could not give him complete satisfaction in living. Too often, the brain bogged down when it was overworked. Too often, ideas that seemed fine as ideas did not work out as stories. There had to be some other outlet for his energies. It could not be other mental work but some physical way to release bodily energy that would leave his mind free to absorb and develop ideas that would shine forth as creative literature at the proper time. In order to fill this need, Haggard turned to farming. And so, for many years, he pursued two widely different occupations and interests—fiction and agriculture.

Such a course of living proved highly satisfactory and profitable in many ways. Haggard's experiments in farming gave him material for another kind of writing which took the form of "The Farmer's Yearbook" in 1899 and "Rural England" in 1902. These two works dealt with matters quite important to English farmers and were the result of a study which took two full years to complete. In addition, Rider Haggard wrote "The Poor and the Land" in 1905 which was the report of an inquiry into colonial land settlement in Great Britain.

Fiction, however, was Haggard's greatest gift and for which he is most remembered. He was a successful author in such other fields as historical and analytical as well as the fantastic or incredible.

In recognition of H. Rider Haggard's many accomplishments in writing and also for his welfare work throughout Great Britain, the author was knighted by the British Crown in 1912. He lived a full and interesting life until his death on May 14, 1925.

SAMUEL GOMPERS



THE TURN OF THE 20th century was known as the "sweat shop" era. Factory workers toiled ten to twelve hours a day, six days a week, in poorly ventilated, unsanitary shops. They were underpaid, overworked and unprotected against sickness and accidents.

Today, the average working week is forty hours. Employees are protected against sickness, accident and employers' whims by the Workmen's Compensation Law, the Social Security Act, the Federal Minimum Wage and Hour Law, federal and state departments of labor and their own individual labor unions. All these improvements in working conditions are largely due to the efforts of a courageous immigrant—Samuel Gompers.

Gompers was born in London, England, January 27, 1850, of poor Dutch-Jewish parents. His father was a low-salaried cigar maker. When Samuel was fourteen, his family migrated to New York. Gompers followed in his father's footsteps and also became a cigar maker.

He married at an early age and soon had the responsibility of caring for a growing family. Although he often worked 100 hours a week, he found it increasingly difficult to earn enough money to feed, house and clothe his family. Gompers carefully examined his situation, one which he shared with many others. By comparing the profits the owners of the shops were reaping with the wages the cigar makers were earning, he quickly realized that he and the other cigar makers were being grossly underpaid. He felt that the only way the workers could improve their lot was for them to unite in a labor union. Gompers was a man of action and he immediately organized the first Cigar Makers International Union. But he didn't stop there. He had a dream . . . a dream that each industry could be organized and that these individual unions could be brought together under one strong leadership.

He spoke to labor leaders of other crafts and, one by one, won them over to his dream of a federation of labor. Gompers then began to travel from one industrial area to another, working to bring together all the weak unions into a strong band. In spite of opposition from both labor and management, threats of physical violence, jail and even murder, the five-foot, four-inch crusader would not let his dream die.

Finally, in 1883, the American Federation of Labor was organized in New York and Gompers became its first president. He served the first five years without salary and continued to earn a living as a cigar maker.

The Federation began to grow and soon Gompers found that it required his full time and energy. He gave up cigar making and accepted $20 a week to take care of himself, his wife and six children.

Gompers' immense strength lay in the workingmen's faith in their little leader. He traveled far and wide to learn the problems of each individual industry before asking it to join his Federation. No worker was too unimportant nor any employer too important for Gompers. He spoke to all.

Gompers continually fought for better working conditions, shorter hours and higher pay for his members. He felt that his Federation should be free of politics and that each individual member was entitled to his own political belief. Gompers despised those factions that tried to gain control of the American Federation of Labor to advance their own political aims. By 1924, the Federation had over 3,000,000 members, representing 100 international unions.

That same year, Gompers was in San Antonio, Texas, when death stopped the little human dynamo. He died far from home and family, in the line of duty. He left just $550 in insurance, with a plea that $100 of that be spent for a new American flag at Federation headquarters.

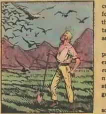
STORIES OF EARLY AMERICA

"Wings of Salvation"

BECAUSE OF THEIR religious beliefs, the Mormons were driven from New York, Ohio, Illinois and Missouri. Brigham Young, President of the Mormon Church, led them on their thousand-mile trek across the prairies to the West in 1847.

Other pioneers had pushed on to California and Oregon but when Young first looked out over the valley of the Great Salt Lake in Utah, he said, "This is the place!" There his followers began to build their "empire in the wilderness."

This valley was certainly no land of milk and honey. It seemed to one of the followers "as nude of a wardrobe as the Indians themselves." Jim Bridger, the famous frontiersman, had some time before said, "Nothing will grow in that God-forsaken place!"



The Mormons, however, thought differently and some were plowing before the last of the wagons reached the valley. It was too late to get much of a crop in 1847. They fenced off a field of 5,000 acres and dug irrigation ditches to water the parched soil in the coming spring.

At first, they lived in their wagons and tents. Then they built a fort and lined the inner walls with log and adobe houses. Soon after their arival, they marked out the site for their world-famous Temple and laid out plans for the streets of Salt Lake City.

During the winter of 1847, provisions were scanty and the settlers had a hard time of it to keep from starving. The roofs of the houses leaked and all winter, wolves howled beyond the fort.

With the coming of spring, the Mormons turned the soil with hand plows and planted seed. They dammed creeks in the mountains to irrigate the fields.

In March and April, there was great rejoicing. Green shoots of wheat and corn appeared, giving promise of an abundant harvest. With more immigrants coming, there was need of a bumper crop; it was a matter of survival.

Then one morning in May, without warning, there descended on the green fields a hopping, flying horde—an army of crickets. They came by the millions, clinging to the green shoots—eating, eating, eating.

The men, women and children all rushed out to fight the hungry, crop-destroying invaders. They beat the insects with shovels; they filled the irrigation ditches and drove the crickets into them. However, it seemed as though "every time one cricket was killed, two came to bury it."

Day and night, the battle continued. The Mormons fought till some dropped in their tracks, exhausted. The task of saving the crop seemed hopeless.

However, there was still prayer. Some of the farmers gathered by the blackened fields and one of their number, Apostle Rich, stood on a wagon and began to preach.

Suddenly, there came the sound of wings on the air as a small flock of seagulls passed overhead. The Mormons only shook their heads and said, "What the crickets won't eat, the gulls will." But as more and more gulls came from Salt Lake, someone shouted, "They're not eating the crops; they're eating the crickets!"

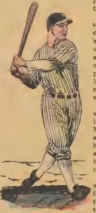
In the evening, the gulls flew off to the lake but returned each morning until all the crickets had been destroyed. The gulls saved enough of the crops to get the settlers through the next winter and with the passing of years, the barren plain became a beautiful garden spot.

Today, the seagull is legally protected and held in high esteem by the people of Utah. A monument stands in Salt Lake City's Temple Square, a memorial to the "miracle of the gulls" that saved the crops.

STORIES FROM THE WORLD OF SPORTS

The "Iron Horse" of Baseball

ON JUNE 1, 1925, Miller Huggins, manager of the New York Yankees, motioned to rookie Henry "Lou" Gehrig to get up and pinch hit. Gehrig, a broad-shouldered kid with heavy hips and thick legs, looked clumsy as he took his position in the batter's box. But on that day began one of the most remarkable careers in baseball history . . . a career that was to continue through 2,130 consecutive games. This consecutive game record was achieved despite several severe physical handicaps: brain concussion, fractured toe, broken fingers (every finger on each hand was broken at one time or another) and lumbago.



In 1926, his first full year as the regular Yankee first baseman, Gehrig hit a respectable .313. This feat, however, was ignored by the fans and sport writers who could talk only of the mighty "Babe" Ruth. The "Babe" batted .372 and hit forty home runs that season.

In 1927, Lou batted .373 and was voted the most valuable player in the American League. Again he was overshadowed by Ruth who had hit a record total of sixty home runs.

Gehrig really hit his peak in 1931. That season he established a new and lasting record for runs-driven-in during one regular season—184. Again he received the coveted Most Valuable Player Award.

On June 3, 1932, Gehrig hit four consecutive home runs in one ball game. In the World Series against the Chicago Cubs, he hit three homers, batted in eight runs, scored nine himself and ended the series with the remarkable batting average of .529. But even then, the whole country buzzed with the story of Ruth's "calling" his home run in the fifth inning of the third series game.

The Yankees let Ruth go after the 1934 season. Gehrig was finally out from under the shadow of the fabulous "Babe." Fans throughout the country flocked to the ball parks to see the "Iron Horse" in action. In 1936, Lou was voted the most valuable player in his league for the third time.

After the close of the 1938 season, Gehrig found his muscular coordination to be alarmingly poor. He attributed this to physical fatigue and rested the balance of the off-season; but when he reported for spring training in 1939, he found that he could no longer bat, field or run. He was as inept as a baby.

The season was but a few weeks old when Gehrig realized he was through. On May 2, 1939, he asked Manager Joe McCarthy to take him out of the lineup. The already legendary career of baseball's "Iron Horse" had come to an end.

Medical examination revealed that Lou was suffering from multiple sclerosis and that he had but a comparatively short time to live. When it was announced that Lou was through as a player, the fans held a Lou Gehrig Appreciation Day at Yankee Stadium on July 4, 1939. Over sixty thousand people were in the stands that day. The great player and man was so overwhelmed that he broke down and cried. Only he knew that he was dying, yet he told the crowd, "I'm the luckiest man in the world today."

Shortly afterward, Lou was appointed New York City Parole Commissioner But at last, on June 2, 1941, merciful death came to Henry Ludwig Gehrig